Romeo. Is loue a tender thing? it is to rough,
Too rude, too boiſtrous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beat loue downe,
Giue me a caſe to put my viſage in,
A viſor for a viſor, what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes ſhall bluſh for me.
Ben. Come knocke and enter, and no ſooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs,
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the ſenceleſſe ruſhes with their heeles:
For I am prouerb'd with a graunſire Phraſe,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere ſo faire, and I am dun.
Mer. Tut, dun's the mouſe, the Conſtables owne word
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or ſaue you reuerence loue, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Vp to the eares, come we burne day-light ho.
Rom. Thats not ſo.
Mer. I meane ſir in delay,
We waſte our lights in vaine, Lights Lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our Iudgements ſits,
Fiue times in that, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we meane well in going to this Maske,
But tis no wit to goe.
Mer. Why may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a Dreame to night.
Mer. And ſo did I.
Rom. Well, what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lye.
Ro. In bed a ſleepe while they doe dreame things true,
Mer. O then I ſee Queene Mab hath beene with you:
Shee is the Fairis midwife, and ſhee comes in ſhape no bigger
then an Agat ſtone, on the forefinger of an Alderman, drawne
with a teeme of little atomies, ouer mens noſes as they lie a-
ſleepe: her waggon ſpokes made of long ſpinners legs: the couer
of

of the wings of graſſe-hoppers, h
web; her collers of the moon-ſhi
Crickets bone, the laſh of Philon
coated Gnat, not halfe ſo bigge
from the lazie finger of a man. H
nut, made by the Ioyner ſquirtell
the Faries Coach-makers: and in
night, through louers brains, and
Courtiers knees, that dreame o
fingers who ſtrait dreame on fees
kiſſes dreame, which oft the ang
becauſe their breath with ſweet
ſhee gallops ore a Courtiers noſe
ling out a ſute: and ſomtime con
tickling a Parſons noſe as a lies a
other Benefice. Sometime ſhee
and then dreames hee of cutting
ambuſcados, ſpaniſh blades: Of
then anon drums in his eare, at w
being thus frighted, ſweares a pra
this is that very Mab that plats
night: and bakes the Elflocks in
once vntangled, much misfortun
This is the Hag, when Maids lie
That preſſes them, and learnes the
Making them women of good car
This is ſhee.
Romeo. Peace, peace, *Mercut*
Thou talkſt of nothing.
Merc. True, I talke of dreames
Which are the children of an idle
Begot of nothing but vaine phant
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as th
And more inconſtant then the win
Euen now the frozen boſome of th
And being angred puffes away fro
Turning his ſide to the dew-drop